

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
Copyright, 1897, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



—STANLEY—

A MYSTERY.

"WHILE MISS FITZ WAS AWAY GEORGE TOOK HER PARROT."

"ANYTHING HAPPEN?"

"I DON'T KNOW; SHE KEEPS THE PARROT DOWN CELLAR, AND THE ENGAGEMENT IS OFF."

# Stern Bros

are now showing in their

## Silk Dep'ts

the latest productions of the Lyons and Paris Markets consisting in part of

Multicolor  
Shepherd's Plaids,  
Broche Taffeta Plaids,  
Silk and Wool  
Poplin Plaids,  
Surah and Pongee  
Printed Silks,  
Novelty Grenadines,  
Brocaded Bengalines,  
Fancy Summer Taffetas,  
Brocaded Novelties,  
Moire Velour  
in light and dark colorings,  
Printed Shanghai  
Pongees and Taffetas.

West 23d St.

## Good Times

and business revival create travel. If you are engaged buying or selling, or if you are planning a pleasure trip, this is to remind you that the New York Central and its connections reach all the important trade-centres of the country--all the principal resorts for health and pleasure. The New York Central has the fastest and finest trains in the world--line protected throughout by block signals--beautiful scenery, comprising the Hudson River, Mohawk Valley, and Niagara Falls--and it is the ONLY Trunk Line entering the city of New York. One always travels comfortably, safely and punctually on "America's Greatest Railroad." Take the first opportunity to test this.

## Arnold Constable & Co.

### Ladies' Spring Woolens

*Covert and Whipcord Suitings,  
English, Scotch and Irish  
Homespunns,  
Venetians, Mixed Meltons,  
Plain Faced Cloths,  
For Tailor-Made Costumes,  
Black and Colored Serges,  
Plaid Black Cloths,  
For Bicycle and Golf Skirts,  
Fancy Ducks, Crash.*

**Broadway & 19th St.**  
NEW YORK.

## Framed Proofs of Originals from LIFE

PROOFS of any of the original drawings from LIFE will be furnished, suitably and daintily framed, on application. Large double-page drawings, including frame and transportation within one hundred miles from New York City, \$4. Smaller drawings, \$2.

Proofs without frames at half the above prices. Make selections from files of LIFE and orders will be promptly filled. . . . .

Proofs are same size as illustrations in LIFE.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

19 and 21 West Thirty-first Street,

New York City.



## SANCTUM TALKS.

"WELL, LIFE, I must —"

"Say good-by?"

"Yes. I've stayed too long already."

"Not at all, Mr. Cleveland. We've had a pleasant time together."

"Yes. These little confidences, you know, are a great help. Most people think I'm —"

"Invulnerable?"

"Yes."

"As one not needing sympathy, eh? You mustn't mind that, Mr. Cleveland. It's only a compliment to your strength. They feel at liberty to



abuse you because they know you can stand it."

"But between you and me —"

"Oh, of course it hurts, but what do you care?"

"Umph! I guess you haven't been jumped on as I have, LIFE."

"Haven't I! Why, at the present moment the whole Scottish nation is arrayed against me. Say, Mr. Cleveland!"

"Well?"

"They have hit you rather hard, haven't they? Makes you feel as if

your services had been in vain."

"Somewhat."

"You've betrayed your party, I believe."

"They say so."

"And grown rich in office."

"They insinuate it."

"You've been an egotistic incubus on an already burdened government."

"They reiterate it."

"A stuffed prophet, a Dana-gerous example."

"That's it."

"Then let me tell you something, Mr. Cleveland."

"Well?"

"It takes a great man to have enemies like that."

"Thanks, LIFE."

"They wouldn't bother you so much if you were smaller. Besides, haven't I stuck by you?"

"You have, my young friend."

"That's something, isn't it? To say nothing of your other friends and believers, and —"

"What?"

"Posterity."

"Thanks, LIFE. I feel better. Good-by."

"Good-by, and God bless you! You are all right, Grover Cleveland!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIX.

MARCH 4, 1897.

No. 741.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

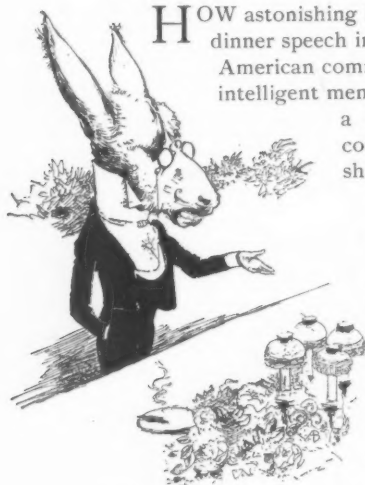
Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.



GREECE wants Crete, and the Cretans are anxious that she should have it. The transfer necessitates the overthrow of Turkish rule in Crete, which Greeks and Cretans are now trying hard to accomplish. Here's hoping they

may succeed. It is some fifteen hundred years now since the Cretans have been allowed to boss their own island. They were conquered by the Romans after a hard fight, and one marauder or another has been on their backs ever since. It is high time that they were allowed to work out their theory of life, and see what they can make of it. Platt-riden New York feels for them, and sends them the expression of its fervent sympathy.



HOW astonishing is the ascendancy of the after-dinner speech in this, and almost every other American community! That a company of intelligent men, who have paid for and eaten a good dinner, and want to converse with one another, should sit silent under two or three hours of stated oratory, and go home weary, but without resentment, is in a certain sense a triumph of civilization. The natural man is not so enduring as all that, unless, perhaps, he happens to be a North American Indian. The true way to give a successful public dinner is to gather the diners at one hotel and the stated orators at another, and let the diners have fun, and swap sentiments unstified by oratory, while the stated orators edify one another elsewhere, and have their deliverances printed in the morning papers.

The after-dinner set speech ought to be disciplined.

Its merit is overrated, its inconvenience ignored. How it maintains its ascendancy is one of the things that no fellow can find out. There is hardly a living man who will admit that he does not abhor to make it, and the average diner, if allowed to exercise his real preference, will eagerly elect not to sit under it. As an instrument of discipline it has its value, but considered as a social institution it is crueller than suttee, and has fewer incidental compensations than cannibalism.



THE despaired-of has happened. Harvard and Yale have got together and made a five years compact to row races and play baseball and football, one with another, as they did for so many years before an occurrence which is now forgotten. It is a good thing. They like to play together, and people like to see them, and there is no good reason why they shouldn't. The new agreement provides that all games shall be played on college grounds, which is right, and will help to keep the interest in these competitions within bounds, as well as, perhaps, to effect a wholesome reduction in the pecuniary profits of them.

The arrangements for the race at Poughkeepsie this year are most edifying. Yale has consented to join in the race which had been arranged between Harvard and Cornell, and Cornell has consented to permit her to do so. We shall see three crack crews in line on the Hudson, and it has all come about as though it had been arranged by gentlemen anxious to please and accommodate one another, and to overcome obstacles to sport. If this spirit, so different from that which obtained when Harvard and Yale fell out, can only be kept up, the sore trials of that dispute may be joyously remembered as precursors of peace and a better way of doing things.



NO one had anything that was not kind to say of Mr. St. John. His old friends and business associates appeared at his funeral, and some of them carried him to his grave. The opinion is general that his death was due to conscientious devotion to theories that he believed to be sound. It was a deplorable sacrifice. His belief in bi-metallism was so strong that he swallowed the Chicago platform, hide, horns and hoofs. The loss of confidence in his judgment that followed was inevitable. In January three banks dropped him from the lists of their directors; but that was not persecution, but a natural result of a conflict of judgment. Poor gentleman! He was not less a martyr from being a martyr to a cause that, we trust, is lost.





"IF THINE ENEMY SMITE THEE ON THE RIGHT CHEEK —"

"LOOK OUT BETTER FOR HIM NEXT TIME, AND FOUND HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF BEFORE HE CAN GET WITHIN SO MUCH AS A FOOT OF YOUR NOSE."

ANOTHER woman has been murdered in an English railway carriage, and London is disturbed. We Americans, who think our sort of cars so very much safer for women traveling alone than the railway carriages of Europe, will wonder whether

this last lesson may not be effectual, and be followed by the introduction of American cars. Probably it won't. The English like their railway vehicles, and are loath to change them. They will no more give up their carriages because they cost an occasional

woman her life than we will dispense with cable and trolley cars because they run over a small army of people every year. If you give us what we want in this world, we will gamble on the chance that it will disagree with some of us.



### "WITH THE BAND."

THE fiction of Robert W. Chambers has been frequently commended in *LIFE* for its vigor, imagination, and story-telling swing. It leaves the impression of a prolific mind that overflows with stories of all kinds that must be told. You feel that the author does not discriminate much between his various methods and subjects. He is always hot on the freshest trail, and when the fox is run to earth that is the end of it. He has had his fun out of the chase. Technically, therefore, his work is very uneven, but at its worst or at its best the reader has been the spectator of an exhilarating sport.

A mind like that is sure to boil over into verse, now and then—and Mr. Chambers has caught the overflow into a volume called "With the Band" (Stone & Kimball).

The obvious thing to say is that if Kipling had not written "Barrack Room Ballads" Chambers would not have written "With the Band." The Irish brogue and the plain, rough speech of the common soldier give color to many of these verses, but they have a twang and a setting of their own that puts the American stamp on them. Pieces like "To the Admiral," "The Texas Rangers," "When Custer rode into the West," belong to no country but this, and they do it credit:

Give us our ship again!  
Run up the flag she flew!  
Cheer for the Admiral,  
Farragut, stanch and true—  
Cheer for the "Hartford"!   
Cheer for the crew!

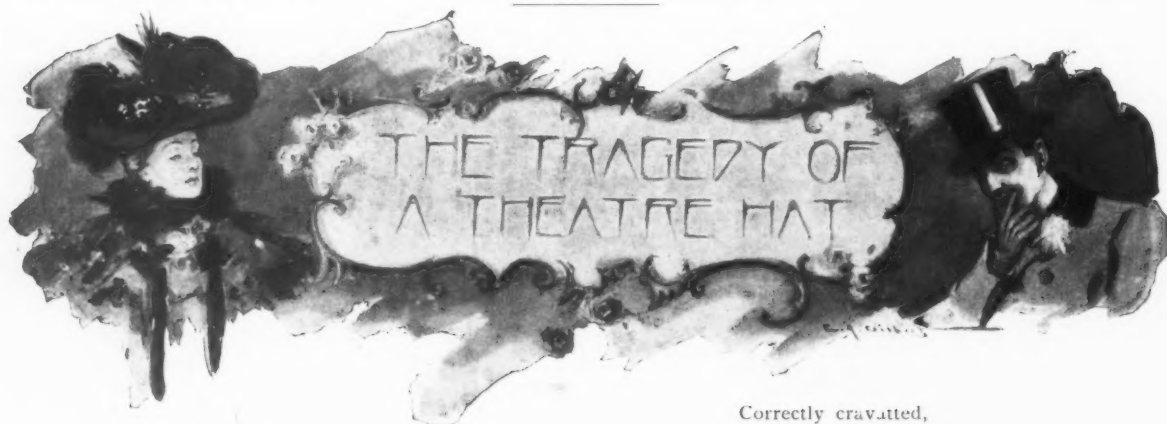
As a writer of poetry, the thing that drives Mr. Chambers's metre is the martial music; he is always "with the band," and his verses swing along with lots of sound and rhythm, even when there is little to say. He keeps your feet a-moving when your fancy nods.

TWO studies in insanity that thinks itself the highest wisdom are published in

attractive-appearing volumes, entitled "A Sturdy Beggar" and "Lady Bramber's Ghost" (Stone & Kimball). The author, Charles Charrington, displays considerable cleverness in satire and in ironic epigrams. But even these accomplishments will not persuade anyone to like the stories—for there isn't any story to tell. As General Porter said of Boston, each so-called story is simply "a state of mind." One has to do with artistic life, and the other with the production of literature. The crazy artist preaches that the highest art never produces anything, or if it does destroys it. The crazy writer works, but lets a beautiful woman get the credit for it. Satire to be of any account ought to strike at some prevalent weakness. But it would require a reader as subtle as a lunatic to find any satire of general application in these curious tales.

The author might with profit follow the advice of his own crazy artist, and keep the great public in ignorance of his genius.

*Droch.*



THE devil one day in a spirit of mirth  
Was walking around, to and fro, on the earth,  
When he heard a man say,  
In a casual way,

"I think I'll just drop in at the matinée;  
For I feel in the humor to see a good play,  
And the thing is a rattler, I've heard people say."

The devil stood by,  
With a smile in his eye,  
And he said, "I don't see any good reason why  
I, too, shouldn't go to this play that's so fly."  
Now, His Majesty, as is well known by the wise,  
Assumes at his will any kind of disguise;

And he said, "I will go  
To this wonderful show  
In the shape of a man, and arrayed *comme il faut*.  
No sooner 'twas said than 'twas done, and away  
His Majesty sped to the gay matinée.  
In faultless attire becomingly garbed,  
Concealing entirely his tail (which was barbed),

Correctly cravatted,  
And duly silk-hatted,  
With his two cloven hoofs patent-leathered and spatted,  
He approached the box-office with jauntiest airs,  
And purchased a seat in the orchestra chairs.

Then removing his tile,  
He tripped down the aisle,  
With a manner which showed no appearance of guile,  
Although he could scarcely conceal a slight smile  
As he noticed the ladies who sat near to him,  
So modishly mannered, and quite in the swim—

The maidens so trim,  
And the matrons so prim—  
And he thought how extremely they'd be horrified  
If they had any notion who sat by their side.  
As His Majesty sat there enjoying it all  
There entered a lady exceedingly tall;  
With a rustle of silk and a flutter of fur,  
She sat herself down in the seat kept for her,  
Right in front of Old Nick, and exactly between  
Himself and the stage. And her insolent mien  
Proclaimed her at once a society queen.



*"She sat herself down in the seat kept for her."*

Her shoulders were broad, and supported a cape  
Which gave you no clue to her possible shape,  
    'Twas so plaited and quilled,  
    And ruffled and frilled,  
And it tinkled with bugles that never were stilled;  
    And wide epaulettes  
    All covered with jets,  
Caught up here and there with enormous rosettes,  
And further adorned with gold-spangled aigrettes.

Encircling her neck was a boa of gauze,  
Accordion-plaited and trimmed with gew-gaws;  
And perched on the top of her haughty, blonde head  
Was a HAT! Now, of course, you have all of you read  
    Of the theatre hats  
    That are seen at the mats.,  
That are higher than steeples and broader than flats;  
But this one as far outshone all of the others  
As young Joseph's dream-sheaves exceeded his brothers'.



*"She couldn't remove it on going to bed."*

'Twas a wide-rolling brim, and a high-peak'd crown,  
And black feathers stood up and black feathers hung down;  
And black feathers waved wildly in every direction,  
Without any visible scheme of connection.  
'Twas decked with rare flowers of a marvelous size,  
And colors that seemed to bedazzle the eyes.

And each vacant space  
Was filled in with ace,  
And twenty-three birds in the ribbons found place.  
And as this arrangement quite shut off his view,  
The devil was nonplussed to know what to do.  
And although he is not very often amazed,  
Upon this occasion he found he was phased.

But, looking around,  
He very soon found  
That many fair ladies, as gorgeously gowned,  
Held their hats in their laps,  
Or still better, perhaps,  
Had left them outside in the room with their wraps.  
And assuming at once a society air,  
He leaned over the back of the fair stranger's chair  
And with manner well-bred,

"Beg pardon," he said,  
"Will you please take that awful thing off of your  
head?"

When what do you think! The lady addressed  
Indignantly stared, and politely expressed  
A decided refusal to grant his request.

And the poor devil sat  
Behind that big hat,  
So mad that he didn't know where he was at.  
He could not see a thing that took place on the stage,  
And he worked himself into a terrible rage.

He murmured quite low —  
But she heard him, you know —  
"Lady, since you refused to remove that chapeau,  
You're condemned now to wear it wherever you go.  
Since you won't take it off when a duty you owe,  
You shall not take it off when you wish to do so."

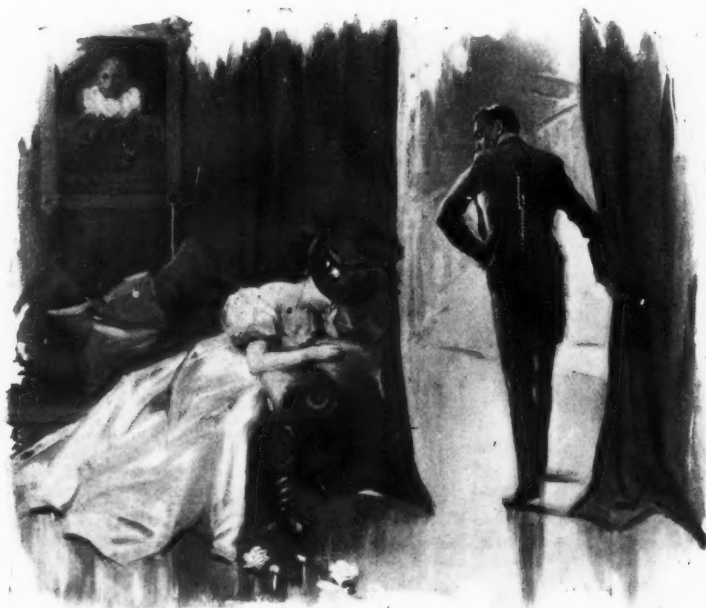
Alas for the lady! The devil has power,  
And the rest of her life, from that terrible hour,  
The curse of the devil compelled her to wear  
That enormous be-flowered and be-feathered affair.  
Her lot was a sad one. If you'll reckon o'er  
The times when a hat is a terrible bore,



*"She wore it at dinners."*



You'll certainly say  
That to wear it all day  
And then wear it all night is a fate to deplore.  
She wore it at dinners, she wore it at balls;  
She wore it at home when receiving her calls;  
She wore it at breakfast, at luncheon and tea,  
Not even at prayers from that hat was she free.  
She couldn't remove it on going to bed,  
She rose, bathed, and dressed with that hat on her head.  
If she lounged in the hammock, perusing a book,  
Or went to the kitchen to speak to the cook,  
In summer or winter, the hat was still there,  
And 'twas so in the way when she shampooed her hair.  
Her lover would fain his fair sweetheart caress,  
But who to his bosom could tenderly press  
Twelve black, waving feathers and twenty-three birds?  
He said what he thought, in appropriate words,  
And broke the engagement. She vowed she would go  
To a convent and bury her sorrow; but no—  
They wouldn't receive her. It was the old tale,



*"He broke the engagement."*

That hat quite prevented her taking the veil.  
The curse was upon her! No mortal could save—  
She carried that ill-fated hat to her grave.

MORAL.

Now, all you young women with Gainsborough hats,  
Beware how you wear them to Saturday mats.

Remember the fate

Of this maid up-to-date,  
And take warning from her ere it may be too late.

*Carolyn Wells.*



A DROP - LIGHT.

#### THE INSANITY MICROBE AND THE SUNDAY EDITOR.

AN Insanity Microbe once entered the brain of the editor of a New York Sunday newspaper. And the attendant showed him into the reception-room.

This place was filled with a strange gathering of nondescript bacteria, representing every disease known.

Not satisfied with this, the Insanity Microbe asked to see more. And the attendant conducted him to the Chamber of Horrors.

Here Distorted Images, Deliberate Falsehoods, Incipient Innuendoes, Embryonic Scandals and Criminal Conceptions thronged.

The Insanity Microbe shuddered, and passed on to the picture gallery.

There was nothing here that he hadn't seen before.

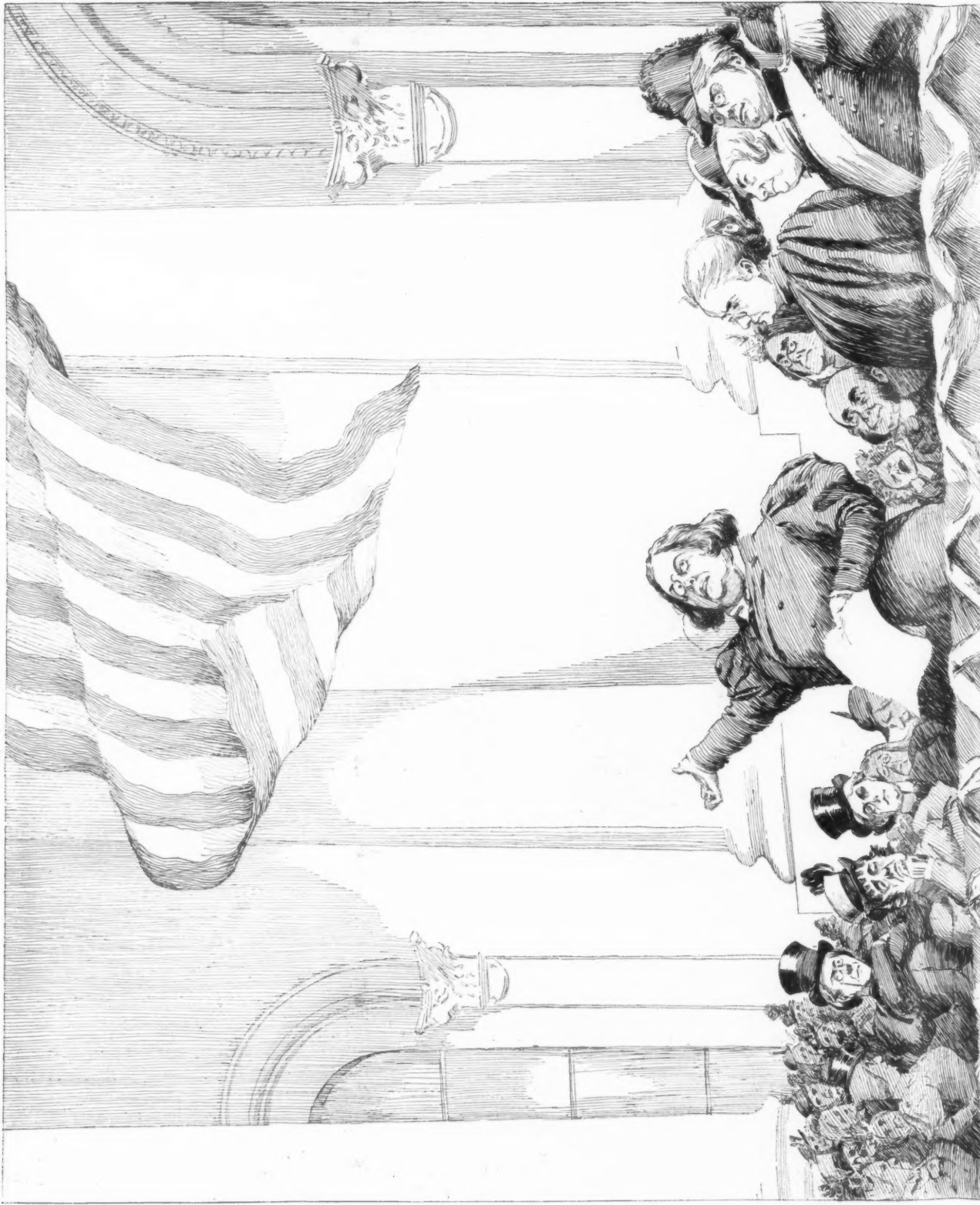
He then said to the attendant: "Are you sure that in this abode there is not one germ of Truth, Purity, or Conscience?"

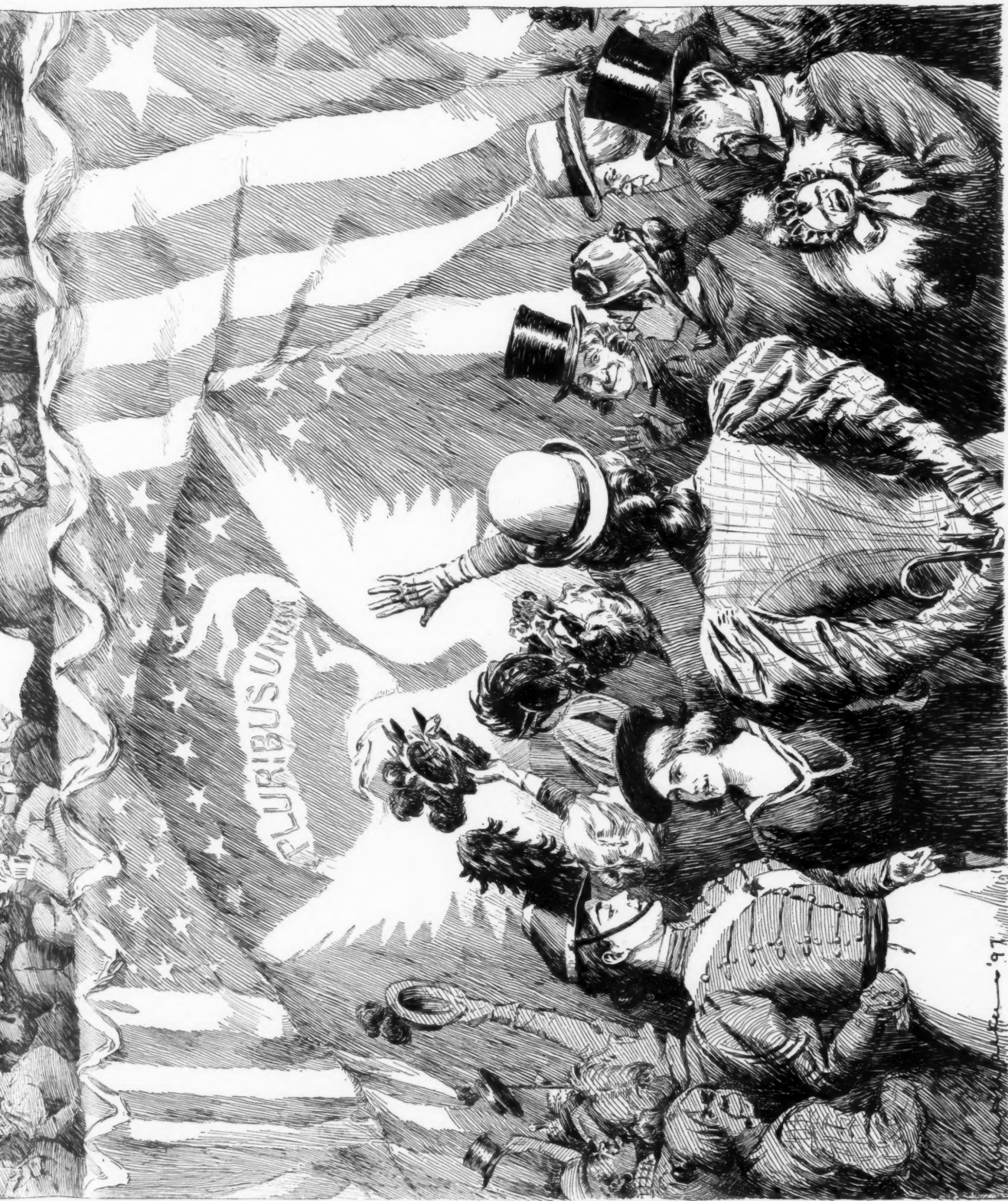
And the attendant replied: "I am."

"Then," said the Insanity Microbe, drawing on his gloves, "I must depart to other and better fields, where I can do some execution. I'm a superfluity here."

And he went out.

• LIFE •





AN INAUGURATION OF THE FUTURE.



## THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.



*Knight: I HAVE NEED OF THESE FOWLS OF THINE.*

*Peasant: OH! — KNIGHT —*



SHUT UP!



## M. SARDOU'S MISTAKE.

A theatrical manager in New York was recently convicted on trial, and the conviction was confirmed on appeal, for giving an indecent performance. The theatre where it occurred was a small one, and the manager neither well-known nor influential. The testimony in the case and the judges' opinions were printed in full in the daily newspapers. The piece was a pantomime

entitled "Orange Blossoms," and the conviction was based not on actual indecency, but on the corrupting tendency of its suggestiveness.

If the production of "Orange Blossoms" was a crime, that of "Spiritisme," by Victorien Sardou, is a greater one, because the piece is equally suggestive, and from its surroundings is calculated to exert a tremendously greater influence. Its author is concededly the greatest living dramatist. It is given at one of our leading theatres. Its cast includes some of our best-known actors. It is under the management of Al Hayman and Charles Frohman.

LIFE has without cease inveighed against the state of affairs which has given a practical monopoly of the theatrical business to men who regard the stage only as a means for making money, and have absolutely no other idea of its aims or uses. That its art should be debauched is only a natural result. In "Spiritisme" greed has exceeded the bounds of decency, and it remains to be seen whether this community is willing to tolerate the latest move of the managerial syndicate, which openly boasts that no actor and no play can live in America without coming to its terms. Against this combination the daily press naturally has nothing to say. Advertising is very valuable in these days of strong competition in so-called journalism. A word from the syndicate to the business office of any newspaper would have a tendency to soften the asperity of its criticism.

No charge of Puritanical intolerance, no claim that indecency should be tolerated for the sake of art, can have weight to secure indulgence for the wanton scene pictured in the second act of this play. Sardou is not so great, the Knickerbocker Theatre so respectable, nor the firm of Hayman and Frohman so powerful as to justify such an insult to the decency of American theatre-goers. LIFE is no friend of narrow-mindedness. It is no advocate for the nasty investigations and petty prosecutions of reformers of the Anthony Comstock school. But it does raise its voice with no uncertainty against the tainting of the people's chief amusement and against the prostitution of a noble art.

M. Sardou has reaped rich rewards from the American public, and his plays have been written quite as much for this

country as for France. They have all trenched on dangerous ground, but much has been overlooked because the author was a Frenchman writing presumably for audiences with a standard different from ours, and because of his tremendous power in handling his subjects. But it is time that M. Sardou learned that there is a saving grace in this country which will not tolerate public indecency simply because it comes from France, and from the hands of the greatest play-constructor in the world.

"Spiritisme" might fail because it is a bad play from the artistic point of view. It ought to fail because it is a bad play from every other. It has not even the redeeming excuse of using pictures of vice to inculcate virtue. It paints the weakness, wickedness, and wantonness of a woman with shocking detail, and then punishes it with forgiveness and a restoration to all she should have lost. In slimy suggestiveness and immoral example it is as bad a play as New York has ever witnessed.

Our police and prosecuting authorities have forced the closed doors of a private dinner in the alleged interests of decency. They have punished an obscure manager for offence against its laws. What will they do in the case of this public and prominent theatre whose doors stand wide open to every man and woman, youth and maid, who has or can secure the price of admission?

All that is written here may prove to be simply an excellent advertisement for the latest speculation of the syndicate. All the same, it remains true that no woman and few men can witness the performance without a feeling of shame.

*Metcalf.*

## THE USEFUL BICYCLE.

"WOBBLES rides his bicycle in his flat now."

"In his flat?"

"Yes; it's steam-heated, and he has to scorch up and down the hall to keep warm."

## THE PROPER THING.

BELL BOY: Four hundred and four says the steam pipes have burst in his room.

CLERK: Charge him for a Russian bath.



HOM. OR AL.

THE *New England Medical Monthly*, in answer to a statement in LIFE's columns, asks:

By the way, does LIFE really know of any surgeon who removes the appendix on general principles?

LIFE does

Dr. —, of New York, than whom no allopath in this city is oftener named in this connection, advocates the removal of the appendix from children when fifteen days old.

Dr. —, one of the most swollen of swell

old-school doctors in this city, was recently operating before students. He was at work in the abdominal cavity. Coming to the appendix, he said: "This is of no use to the patient; it may be of harm. While we are here we might as well remove it, and insure against future trouble." It was perfectly healthy. He removed it.

Our esteemed contemporary then quotes us — for our demolition, of course:

"The joke of it is that during all this reign of blood and terror the homœopaths, it appears, have been quietly treating it (appendicitis) medicinally, seldom operating and rarely losing a case."

Just how "rarely" is not stated, but we will supply the information by saying that the proportion of fatal cases under any sort of medical treatment has been shown to be something over 25 per cent. from causes which cannot be reached by medical treatment — concretions, tuberculosis, empyema, abscess, etc. The death rate of appendicitis under the best surgical treatment has been shown to be less than 1 per cent., or almost no death rate at all.

Lack of space prevents our indulgence in lengthy details, but we will mention one homœopath, who has practiced in this city twenty-five years, seeing his due share of appendicitis cases in his own practice, besides those brought to his notice by fellow-practitioners — he being a surgeon with college and hospital standing. He has never lost a case and never failed to cure a case, whether primary or recurrent, with strict homœopathic prescribing.

Other veterans tell the same story. Occasionally, at very long intervals, a patient is lost. The percentage of deaths among these homœopaths is not 25 per cent. — one-quarter of 1 per cent. would be a liberal estimate. We regret that our esteemed contemporary should "give away" the allopath in this thoughtless manner, but that 25 per cent. must refer to practice other than homœopathic.

By the way, where shall we tabulate the cases mentioned every day in the daily press of eminent men who are operated upon, and die in a day or two? Probably not included in the "less than 1 per cent."

While not the advocate of any school, LIFE is still unable to resist the belief that those who are really attached to their appendix — in any sense — will find the safest and most comfortable traveling on the homœopathic highway.

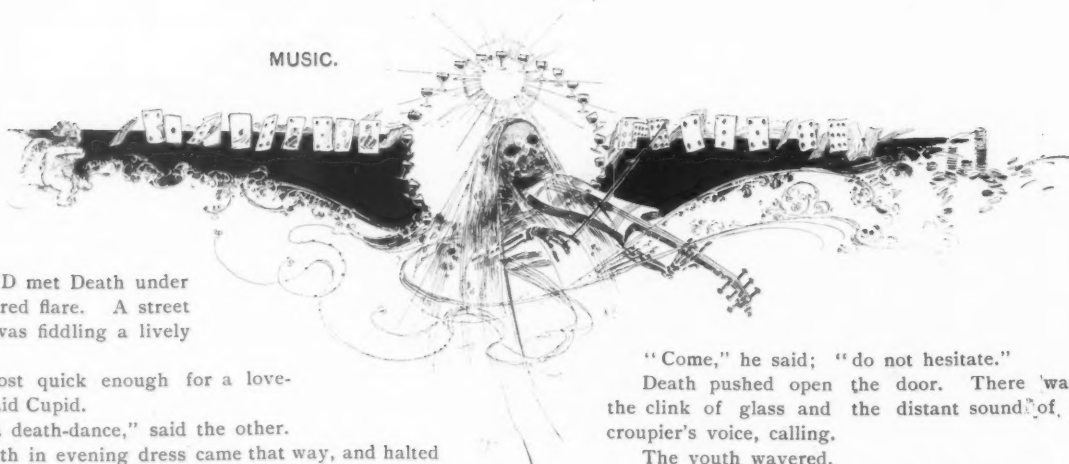
All the guide-posts point in that direction.



CUPIDS OF ALL NATIONS.

IRELAND

MUSIC.



CUPID met Death under a red flare. A street player was fiddling a lively tune.

"Almost quick enough for a love-step," said Cupid.

"Or a death-dance," said the other.

A youth in evening dress came that way, and halted under the red flare.

Cupid plucked him by the sleeve.

"Do not stop here," he said.

Death pushed him gently toward an illumined door.

Cupid plucked harder at the sleeve.

"Come," he said; "do not hesitate."

Death pushed open the door. There was the clink of glass and the distant sound of a croupier's voice, calling.

The youth wavered.

Then he struck Cupid away, and entered.

The street player had fallen asleep. Death picked up his violin.

"Now we will have a death-dance," he said.

*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

#### THE CASE AT PRESENT.

DIogenes Dedontoit,  
A man of some renown,  
Accoutered with a lantern, lit,  
Went nosing 'round the town.

Nor was it very dark, that he  
Should go around that way,  
Because the sunshine showed  
it was  
The middle of the day.

"Odds peterkins!" the  
people cried,

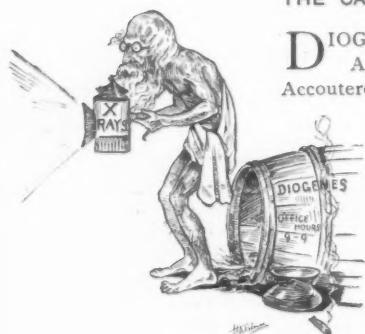
When first his search began,  
And running after him, they asked:  
"Dost seek an honest man?"

"Nay, nay," Diogenes replied,  
"We have a diadem  
Of that kind, and the G. O. P.  
Is more than full of them.

"I'm seeking what was promised us,  
Beyond the slightest doubt;  
That Era of Prosperity  
You've heard so much about."

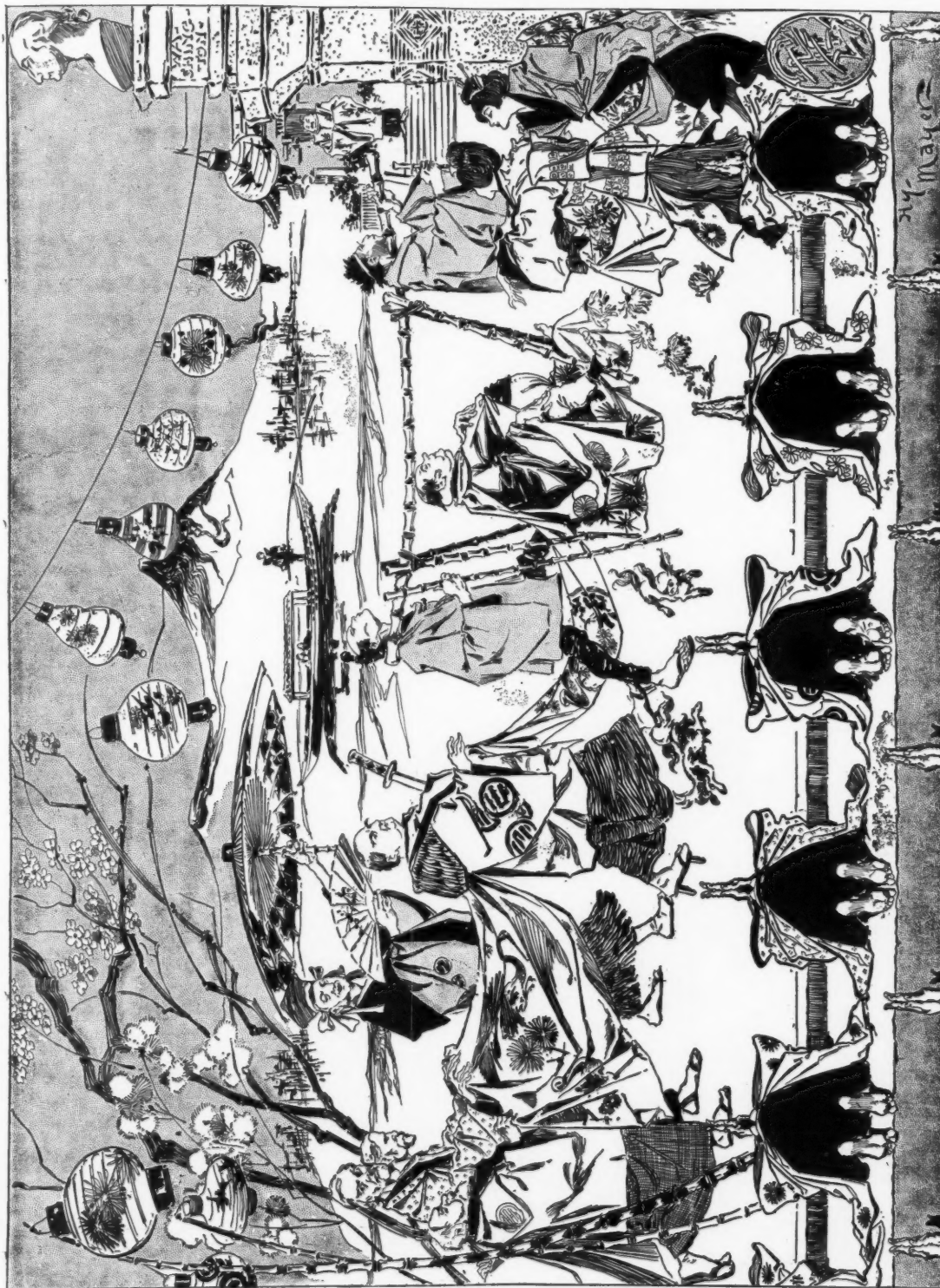
Then those who saw him shook their heads,  
And let the seeker go  
On nosing with his lantern, lit,  
While all they said was: "Oh!"

*W. J. Lampton.*



*HARRY B. NEISCH*

"SIR, YOUR DAUGHTER —"



THE INAUGURATION OF WILLIAM MA-CKIN-LEVY. BY HA HA HO HO.





A CAROL OF 'COCAINE.'  
Cocaine inebriety is largely on the increase.  
— *British Medical Journal*.

The present-day Anacreon  
Must find it very far from easy  
To write a modern drinking song,  
Or turn an up-to-date brindisi.  
Nor is there now encouragement  
For even an Horatius Flaccus  
To gush about Falernian wine  
And publish sparkling odes to Bacchus.

For now Society, good sooth,  
Or those who are the most in fashion,  
For very unpoetic drinks  
Develop an increasing passion.  
Pray, how can poets hope to write  
In compositions blithely choral,  
About the graduated glass  
My lady fills each night with chloral?

The brimming wine-cup's oft inspired  
The very gayest of reflections,  
But how can any bard indite  
A stave on morphia injections?  
Sonnets addressed to sulphonal  
Would be but worthless if created;  
And who ambrosial song can link  
With spirits—when they're methylated?

Nor does the ladies' latest craze—  
Reported in a doctors' journal—  
Supply the poet with a chance  
Of penning stanzas more supernal;

The very deftest minor bard,  
Though eager to be sympathetic,  
Can surely scarcely hope to find  
Concoctions of cocaine poetic!

They may, and very likely do,  
Affect the sight and hearing sadly;  
Their "neuro-muscular" effect  
May handicap the drinker badly;  
But even such results as these,  
Combined with "local anaesthesia,"  
Cannot be said to make the task  
Of up-to-date Anacreons easier.

—Henry Labouchere in *London Truth*.

An amusing glimpse of Hans von Bülow is afforded in this extract from one of his letters: "There were two bassoonists in the orchestra—imagine, amateurs!—they were my dread, and kept me constantly on tenterhooks. If they had nothing to play, then I was in a state of terror that they might come in, and I was constantly warning them 'Not yet,' but if they really had to come in, then I had not the courage to give them the sign—and I warned them as before. An amateur kettledrum player, on the contrary, who received honorable mention, must have been a perfect marvel of a timekeeper, for when he had very long pauses, he counted them inwardly, and used to pay little visits to an adjoining café without endangering the *ensemble*, as he always got back punctually to his post in time for his next entry."—*Argonaut*.

BONNAT, the artist, sitting next to M. Maspero at a great dinner one night, said to him: "Maspero, you who are so near-sighted, tell me how does M.—, away

down there at the foot of the table, appear to you." "Well," replied M. Maspero, "I see a white spot, which I know is his shirt front, and a flesh-colored spot, which I know is his face." "Ah," cried Bonnat, "how I wish my pupils could see things in that way!"—*Exchange*.

#### OUR AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

We did our best to make the cast  
Resplendent with fair faces;  
The tenor's blonde moustache stuck fast  
And black beards choked the basses;  
The actresses were pretty maids,  
Quite partial to caresses,  
The programmes blazed with varied shades,  
The audience with dresses.

The prompter played the leading part  
And pounded the piano;  
'Twas he who won the Prince's heart  
Instead of the soprano!  
Duke Harold somehow lost his head  
And flirted with his mother,  
Then stabbed the servant maid instead  
Of murdering her brother.

The bridal feast was laid in skies,  
The alto ordered chowder!  
The stage directors burned the flies,  
And blue and yellow powder.  
The audience escaped dismayed,  
Exceedingly distressful—  
But afterward, the critics said  
'Twas wondrously successful!—*Argonaut*.

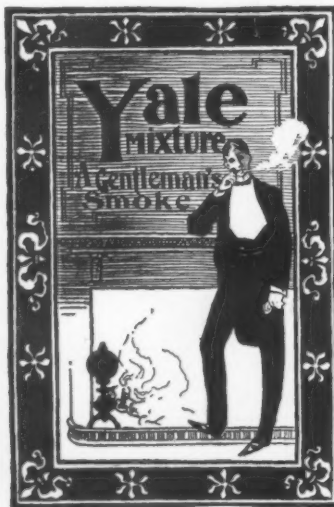
For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

# IVORY SOAP

There is a "comfortable feeling" that comes after a bath with Ivory Soap.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.



It's likely you need a tonic. Most people do. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters is the one. For sale by all druggists, grocers and wine merchants.

Patronize American industries  
—wear KNOX HATS.

**Wanted—An Idea** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

**DALY'S.** B'way & 30th St. Eves. 8.15. Mats. at 2. Mon., Wed. & Fri. Eves. **MISS REHAN** in Pinero's **"THE MAGISTRATE."** Tues., Thurs. & Sat. Eves. **"THE GEISHA."** Wed. Mat., **"THE GEISHA."** Sat. Mat., **MISS REHAN.**

"PRISONER at the bar," said his Lordship, solemnly, having donned the black cap, "you will shortly have to appear before another, and—perhaps—a better judge."—*Household Words*.



"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

PURE & MELLOW,

The American Gentleman's Drink  
For Club, Family and Medicinal Use.

THE BEST  
10 YEARS OLD.  
WHISKEY  
IN AMERICA

Endorsed by leading Physicians  
when stimulant is prescribed.

SOLD AT ALL FIRST-CLASS CAFES  
AND BY JOBBERS.

WM. LANAHAN & SON,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

# 1,000,000 TREES

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, ETC., in over 100 varieties. Send for our illustrated catalogue. W. S. Little & Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Southwestern Limited—Best Train for Cincinnati and St. Louis—Daily by THE NEW YORK CENTRAL





"Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."  
That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup-bones  
in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

## Armour's Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add boiling water to the Extract and you  
have instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or  
mystery about it. Anyone can do it.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

**WHITE ROSE**  
TRADE MARK  
**GLYCERINE SOAP**

**Upheld by Beautiful Women**  
**Everywhere** as the finest, most delicately perfumed  
and purest Toilet Soap manufactured.  
Always ask for and insist upon having  
**No. 4711. White Rose Transparent**  
**Glycerine Soap.** Send 15 cents in stamps  
for sample cake.  
**MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U. S. AGENTS**

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



## THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,  
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN.  
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made  
of absolutely pure and well matured liquors  
and the mixing equal to the best cocktails  
served over any bar in the world. Being  
compounded in accurate proportions, they  
will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails  
made of the same material and proportions  
the one which is aged must be the  
better.

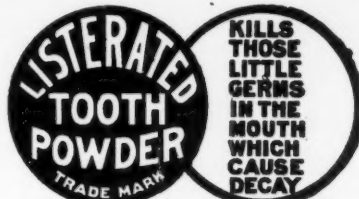
Try our YORK Cocktail made without  
any sweetening—dry and delicious.

For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars  
of the principal railroads of the U. S.

**AVOID IMITATIONS.**

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,**  
39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London. Eng.



PARK & TILFORD, Agents.

**Quick  
as a  
Flash!**

**WHITMAN'S  
INSTANTANEOUS  
CHOCOLATE.**

**HOW TO USE IT:** Take three dessert spoonfuls to a cup of boiling water or milk. Stir briskly a moment, and your Chocolate is ready to serve. Put up in 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. tins.  
Stephen F. Whitman & Son,  
Sole Mfrs., Philadelphia.

**WHETHER  
YOU  
WIELD A PEN OR RUN A TYPEWRITER  
YOU**

Need a First-class PAPER FASTENER. The  
best is none too good for you, and I make the  
best. Ask your dealer for the "Challenge,"  
or send \$3 for one, postpaid. Circular on  
application. **E. L. SIBLEY,**  
Bennington, Vt., U. S. A.

**ARE YOU SHORT?**  
10,000 Pairs Sold.



The new "VENTILATED INSTEP LIFT" can be adjusted to  
increase one's height from one-quarter to one inch.  
It transforms a low, flat instep into one that is arched and  
graceful. Walking is made a pleasure.  
Is made of thin perforated pieces of cork covered with  
leather, which forms a smooth, elastic heel cushion.  
Ladies', 35c.; Men's, 40c. per pair. All shoe stores, or send to  
**Gilbert Mfg. Co., 707 E. & B. Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**  
(Give size of shoe.)

**The Improved  
Boston  
Garter**  
Easy and  
Secure.  
Extra Super  
Webs.  
Finest Nickel  
Trimmings.

**The  
Velvet Grip**  
CUSHION BUTTON  
— CLASP —  
Lies flat to the leg.  
Cannot Unfasten  
Accidentally.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE**  
Sample Pair  
Mail Silk 50¢ Cott 25¢  
P.O. Box 1604  
**GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.**



SHE was weeping when he entered, and they had not been married so long that he felt it unnecessary to try to comfort her.

"Why, my dear," he said, sitting down beside her and putting his arm around her, "what has happened?"

"Oh, I shall never get over it—never!" she cried, unheeding his query.

"Never get over what?" he asked. "Has anyone dared to insult you or say anything unkind to you?"

"No-o," she returned, through her tears; "it isn't that. I did it myself, but—"

"Oh, never mind," he said, soothingly. "There isn't a piece of bric-à-brac in the whole house that can't be replaced."

It isn't that, either," she sobbed. "If it was just a money loss I wouldn't care. But it is a mistake—a fearful mistake—that I made, and when I think what people will say when they hear about it, I just want to go away and die. It's simply awful to contemplate, Harry, and I don't see how I can live in this neighborhood and hold my head up after it."

"Well, we'll move if it's necessary," he answered; "but tell me what it is."

She brightened up instantly at the suggestion that they might move.

"I never thought of that," she said. "That will fix it all right. You see, the trouble is all about that Mrs. Brown who lives in the next block. If we can get away from her and the people who know her I suppose I can live it down."

"You haven't had any serious trouble with her, have you?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Oh, dear, no!" she answered. "But you see, I called on her to-day."

"Well? What happened then?"

"Nothing. She was punctiliously polite, but I could easily see she was inclined to look down upon me as a woman who did not understand social customs, but nevertheless was well meaning, and was to be treated with dignified courtesy. I couldn't understand it at first, but later—"

"Well?"

"Why, later I learned that she moved into the neighborhood two hours before we did, and I should have waited for her to call on me first. Yes, I'm afraid we'll have to move, Harry. I can never be anything here after that."

—Chicago Post.

BOBBIE BURNS IN GEORGIA.

A Georgia editor:

"And would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see our creditors before they see us."

—La Grange Reporter.

A WEALTHY Irish lady, whose summer home is situated near a garrison town in Ireland, once sent an invitation to Captain Armstrong to take tea with her, saying that "the pleasure of Captain Armstrong's company is respectfully requested," etc. To her astonishment she received by an orderly the following note: "Enlisted men Jones and Smith have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Captain Armstrong's company accept with pleasure Mrs. Naylor's polite invitation."—Argonaut.

PULL her tail if you want to make a Maltese cross.—Elmira Star.

SOMEBODY sends me the following anagram as having a curious bearing on our occupation of Egypt, not to mention any other recent territorial acquisitions: "Great Britain: Grab, retain it."—London Truth.


"EVERYBODY says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you say to that?"

"That it was unkind of her to take it from you."—Fliegende Blätter.

AN OPTIMIST.—The palsied old man sat by the fire, his head shaking from side to side in the manner peculiar to his complaint.

"It must be awful to be afflicted that way," said the sympathetic young person.

"Oh," chirped the old gentleman, "I find it right handy in the summer when I want to look at a two-ring circus."—Indianapolis Journal.



**CHEW**  
**Beeman's**  
The Original  
**PEPSIN GUM**  
Cures Indigestion and  
Sea-sickness.  
All Others are Imitations.



**LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS.**  
DAINTY, DELICIOUS, PURE.  
We send a sample package of our finest goods for 10c. in stamps.

When not to be had of dealers we will send on receipt of retail price: 1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, \$1.20; 3-lb. box, \$1.80; 5-lb. box, \$3. Delivered free in U. S.  
The Walter M. Lowney Co., 100 Pearl St., Boston.



**Hand-Painted Shingles**  
That's what those colored with  
**Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains**  
look like. The grain of the wood shows through, and each shingle gives beautiful light and shade effects. They look better, wear better, and are 50 per cent. cheaper than paint. "Wood treated with Creosote is not subject to dry rot or other decay."—Century Dictionary.  
Stained wood samples, with color-studies, sent on application.

SAMUEL CABOT, 74 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS AT ALL CENTRAL POINTS.



WHAT  
**MELBA**  
SAYS:

"I highly commend the genuine JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract. I use it with my daily diet. It improves my appetite and digestion wonderfully."  
NELLIE MELBA.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents,  
NEW YORK.

"It has not striven to be of the best,  
but to be the best" . . . .

"Good work at honest cost; true economy  
and not its shadow" . . . .

# Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

(INCORPORATED)

FREDERICK A. BURNHAM, PRESIDENT.

MINIMUM OF  
EXPENSE

## SIXTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

MAXIMUM OF  
ACCOMPLISHMENT

Covering year ending December 31st, 1896, shows

### INCREASES.

In Cash Income.....	\$283,195.41
In Invested Assets.....	273,059.28
In Net Surplus.....	447,420.64
In New Business Received.....	15,142,102.00
In Business in Force.....	16,366,690.00
In Number of Policies in Force.....	12,571

New Business Received.....	\$84,167,997.00
New Business Written.....	73,026,330.00
Total Business in Force.....	325,026,061.00

MEMBERSHIP, 120,000.

### DECREASES.

In Expenses of Management.....	\$162,341.13
In Total Disbursements.....	268,691.52
In Liabilities.....	349,642.36

Death Claims Paid since Organization..	\$28,825,665.66
Death Claims Paid in 1896.....	3,967,083.94

Or over \$13,000 for each working day in the year.

NET SURPLUS, \$4,030,000.

ASSETS, \$5,750,000.

EXPENSES TO EACH \$1,000 AT RISK LESS THAN 50 PER CENT. THAT OF ITS COMPETITORS.

Why pay the full Dollar to others for that which you can purchase of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association for Sixty Cents! No Personal Liability to any Member.  
**EXCELLENT POSITIONS OPEN** in its Agency Department in every Town, City and State, to experienced and successful business men, who will find the MUTUAL RESERVE THE VERY BEST ASSOCIATION THEY CAN WORK FOR. Further information supplied by any of the Managers, General or Special Agents in the United States, Canada, Great Britain or Europe.

HOME OFFICE, MUTUAL RESERVE BUILDING, Corner Broadway and Duane Street, NEW YORK.



## VIOLETTES DU CZAR

(Czar's Violets) CONCENTRATED  
PERFUMES

L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11, place de la Madeleine, PARIS

The only awarded at the Paris  
Exhibition 1889.

## VELOUTINE

HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.  
TOILET POWDER — CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.

TALKING IT OVER.



There's not a thought of effort in riding a Stearns bicycle. It pedals so easily, runs so smoothly, that it is called "the easy-running Stearns."

That means good bearings and finest workmanship throughout.

Ask for a Yellow Fellow Year Book.

E. C. STEARNS & COMPANY, Makers,  
Syracuse, N. Y. Toronto, Ont.  
Buffalo, N. Y. San Francisco, Cal.  
The TINKHAM CYCLE COMPANY, New York Agents,  
306-310 West 59th Street.

MATCHLESS IN EVERY FEATURE.

## California . .

Tour to California and the Pacific Coast,  
under the personally conducted system  
of the

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast.  
Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New  
York and Philadelphia March 27, 1897. (Boston  
one day earlier.)

### Magnificent Winter Outings

of the highest grade in every particular.

Round-trip rates from New York, Philadelphia,  
and points east of Pittsburg, \$220. From Boston,  
\$220.

For itineraries and all information of California,  
Florida and Washington tours, apply to Tourist  
Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway,  
New York; 205 Washington St., Boston; 789 Broad  
St., Newark, N. J.; or GEO. W. BOYD, Ass't  
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.

## Haviland China

It is important to buyers that they should be  
informed that the only ware that has always been known  
as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

**H&C<sup>o</sup>**  
**L**  
**FRANCE**  
On White China

**Haviland & Co**  
**Limoges**  
On Decorated China





## This Picture

shows a FIREPLACE MANTEL made of Ornamental Brick. Our mantels are the best kind to buy because they have those soft, rich, and pleasing effects of modest elegance which improve the entire surroundings. . . . Our SKETCH BOOK shows fifty-two designs of various colors, costing from twelve dollars up. Send for it if you are building or remodelling. Any good brickmason can easily set the mantels in position.

**PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO.**  
17 LIBERTY SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

## VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

FOR H. I. M. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"The Marshal of the Imperial Court requests you to send without delay another case of 60 bottles Vin Mariani."

Write to MARIANI & CO. for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS.

PARIS: 81 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field,

## FIELD FLOWERS

The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet. Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

## The Man with... Sickness



in his family who takes home a bottle containing an imitation of our Whiskey is disappointed and disgusted, for the sick person is really injured, all because a tricky dealer sells him a Whiskey he says is just as good a Whiskey, at a less price than the genuine "Old Crow RYE" could be sold at.

"Old Crow Rye"

costs more to manufacture than any other brand in the U. S. Look sharp, see that the word RYE in large red letters is on the label, and our firm name on case, cork, capsule and label.

**H. B. KIRK & CO.,**

SOLE RECEIVERS.

(ESTABLISHED 1853.)

67 and 69 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Also Broadway and 27th St.

\$1.00

A YEAR

## LIFE'S COMEDY.

THE fifth number of LIFE'S COMEDY is now ready. It contains thirty-two pages of beautifully printed illustrations on heavy calendered paper, with a specially decorated cover printed in colors.

Price Twenty-five cents. Subscriptions One Dollar a year. Drawings by Gibson, Wenzell, Toasperm, Van Schaick, Johnson, Sullivant and others.

This Number is devoted to

## Belles and Beaux

Address **LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
19 West Thirty-first St., New York City.



\$1.00

A YEAR

\$1.00

A YEAR